

My name is Maureen Crowley. I was born in New Britain, Ct. the city in which my great grandfather, James Christopher Crowley, founded the Crowley Brothers Paint Company in 1885. We then moved to Plainville when I was a toddler, and moved back to New Britain when I was in the sixth grade. I attended St. Francis of Assisi Jr. High, where Sister Miriam Patrice taught me when you're not sure of the right thing to do, the right thing is usually the hard thing to do. It's hard for me to speak today. As an aging baby boomer, it would have been easier to sit home. For, the truth never comes easily. It comes with dues for those who choose to speak it. The truth is often not palatable, or pristine, but it is simple. Simple, but far from easy. Security. Indeed. Based on the events in Newtown, Ct. December 14, 2012. Not December 13, 2012, the day which it was confirmed by Bing itself, that the interview with principal Dawn Hochsprung was cached. Not December 13, the day that the Sept. 2013 FBI report said the "shooting" occurred. (this was before the other report, the Uniform Crime Reporting of the FBI infamously declared no murders in Newtown, in 2012). Not December 13, the day that the Social Security Death Index proclaimed was the day that Mr. fictional himself, "Adam Lanza" left this world. The list of pre-knowledge, confirmed, issued, and divulged is long. How could this be, if it were a real shooting done by a 112 pound young man, standing a full six feet tall, wearing a size 8 and a half shoe, after he neatly made his bed, and washed the New Hampshire trip dirt off his mom's car, then shot 26 people? Uh, no. I was as some of you here, are now. I believed every word out of Anderson Cooper's mouth that day. But once the persecution of Wolfgang Halbig began, I wanted to ask why the Newtown Police would send law enforcement into his home in Florida, if they did not have something to hide? This is serious. This is a non-event that has turned the culture of the state of Ct. and the culture of the United States of America upside down. Mental health vulturism, drills in which 3rd graders are forced to look down the barrel of an gun, nanny state monitoring of Ct. home schooling, and even a President that wants to horde bullets. I reject the official narrative of Sandy Hook. I reject the lies, and I am suspicious of the upwards of \$500 million raised through a plethora of donation websites, with zero IRS scrutiny, zero money laundering scrutiny, zero United Way/John Trentacosta scrutiny. We the people are not as stupid as the people in this room think we are. I invite you to at least watch the video, "We Need to Talk About Sandy Hook". You'll find it well thought out, fact based, zero speculation, and interesting. I hope you will remember my words today, unlike 10 members of the Connecticut State Police, who could not remember how they entered the non-commissioned, non-operating Sandy Hook Elementary School that day. You'd think broken glass would be memorable, at a school that boasted 34 classrooms when it was K through 5, but no mass evacuation captured on a single police dash cam. Connecticut: the state in which I volunteered to teach piano in the prison system, because I had read about a suicide at York Correctional in Niantic. Connecticut. Interesting that I had taught Janet York Littleton piano lessons, but didn't know the connection until I saw her painting hanging on the wall there. Connecticut: The state where I received a bachelor's degree at Central Connecticut State University. Connecticut: The state that was nothing but good to me, and I seek to return the favor by speaking the truth, as I don't like hearing the nickname, "Corrupticut", and neither should any of you.